

all new
a Hanna-Barbera Production



YOGI BEAR

HI, COUSIN!





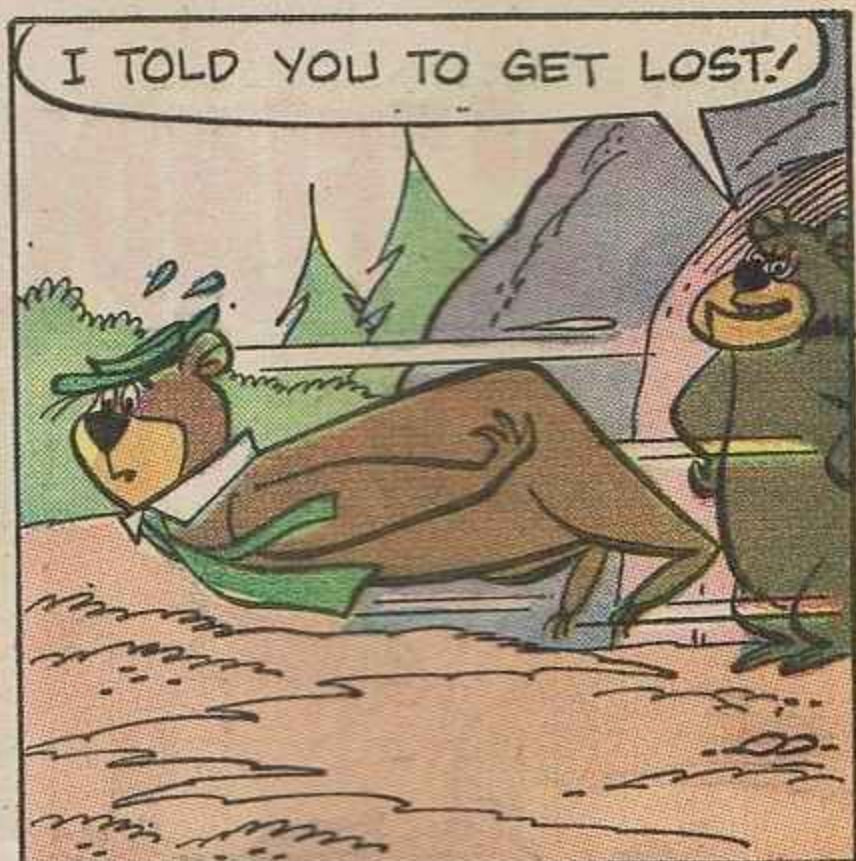
Yogi Bear "FINDERS KEEPERS"



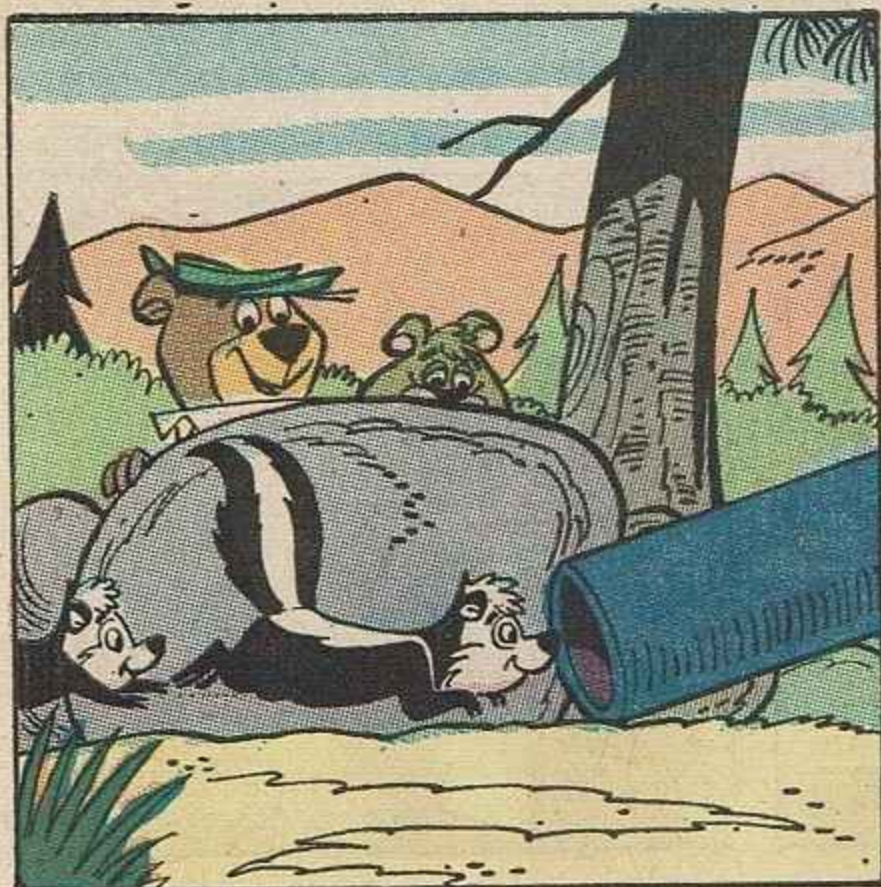
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YOGI BEAR in: YOGI RANGER







YOGI BEAR Hangin' Wallpaper

...AND YOU ONLY HAVE UNTIL NOON TOMORROW TO GET THIS MESS CLEANED UP!

THE INSPECTORS ARE GOING OVER EVERY INCH OF JELLYSTONE AND IF I'M GIGGED IT **BETTER** NOT BE BECAUSE OF YOU TWO!



GIVEN KRAUSE / RAY DIERGO

RANGER SMITH IS RIGHT, YOGI, WE **HAVE** NEGLECTED IT A LITTLE!

A GUY CAN'T EVEN HAVE ANY PEACE IN HIS OWN HOUSE...
(MUMBLE MUMBLE)

WELL, YOGI, GET TO WORK! I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT ALL!

I'M JUST TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE WALLS, BOO BOO!







YOGI BEAR

Manager Yogi!

I'M SORRY TO
HEAR THAT, MRS.
JONES... YES
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF IT FOR YOU!

HI, RANGER SMITH!

OOPS, I'M SORRY..
DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WERE ON THE...

GWEN KRAUSE
RAY DIRGO

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
RANGER SMITH,
ANOTHER COMPLAINT?
I WASN'T....

NO, YOGI,
NOTHING
LIKE THAT..

...MR. JONES IS
SICK IN BED WITH
A BAD COLD AND
CAN'T GET TO HIS
LODGE TONIGHT
AND...

I KNOW,
SHE WANTS
YOU TO TAKE
OVER FOR
HIM!



**Yogi:
Bear**

"MONEY-HUNGRY"

BUT *THAT* SIGN
SAYS **FREE**
ADMISSION.

**JELLYSTONE
PARK**

ADMISSION
FREE

ADMISSION
25¢

TRUE, BUT
ONLY UP TO
THIS POINT.

WHAT'S
UP,
YOGI?

I'M TRYING TO
MAKE SOME MONEY,
BOO-BOO. IT'S
CINDY'S BIRTHDAY.

ADMISSION
25¢

THE
ADMISSION
IS **FREE**.
NOW BEAT
IT, YOGI!

I'VE GOTTA GET
MY HANDS ON
SOME MONEY,
FAST.

CRACK!

ADMISSION
25¢







BOONERS, MOANERS and GROANERS

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain. If the teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you some unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

There was no doubt that Willy did study his history homework. And in his own handwriting he would hand in the answers to the questions. But when you called upon him for an answer, there was always a blank look on his face. In fact one day, I decided to make the question so simple-that any person could answer. Even if they didn't know history.

"What year was the war of 1812 fought? Just give me the year."

It was evident he was doing his best to search the vast domain of his brain cells for something to say. The rest of the class got the point of the question. Some smiled and others laughed.

"I don't know, teacher," he said. Had he left it at that I wouldn't have become angry. But somehow he managed to add:

"And anyway I wasn't there. So that's why I don't know. What do you want of me?"

I sent for his mother and she came the next day. What was wrong? He would fail for the term if he didn't show a lot of improvement. That is what I told her.

"He plays ball in the afternoon," she told me. "And he does his homework at night."

So I kept Willy in after school and discussed the matter with him. He had a ready reply for me.

"Sure, I study a lot at night. But you call on me in the day not at night. Call for an answer when it is dark and I will know it."

How do you handle a situation like that? A week later they put a set of dark shades in my room. So that it would be very dark when I showed teaching films to the class. That gave me an idea. I pulled down the shades. Then I called on Willy.

"It is dark. Just like at night. So you have no excuse. Answer this question right now. Tell the class what were the causes of the Spanish-American War?"

"You could say that the sinking of the battleship MAINE was one of the causes. You could also say that some of the newspapers in this country helped to arouse public opinion. You could also say that we felt bad concerning the mistreatment of people in Cuba by the local authorities."

I was almost floored! Sure, I gave him a 100% for that answer. Up went the shades. From that day on he was almost perfect in his history answers. You go figure it out.

Every afternoon we had a free time period. They could play games, tell stories, or make things. Jimmy on that day was in charge of the period. He had a game called: Confusion. This is what he did. He called upon Peter to come up in front of the class.

"Raise your right hand," he said to Peter. "And show it to the class."

Peter followed the order. Then he told him to raise his left hand which was done.

"Quickly, raise your left hand," he told him. And Peter did this.

"Fine," smiled Jimmy. "That's right."

"No it isn't right, it is left," corrected Peter in a hurry.

"I am right," said Jimmy. "I mean that it is correct what you did. Now raise your left hand this time."

Which Peter did quickly. Then Jimmy pointed to the other hand.

"That hand is left," he told the class.

"No it isn't," snapped back Peter. "That is my right hand."

"I am correct again," said Jimmy. "You only have one hand left at your side. That is your right hand. So it is left."

You can easily see that poor Peter was getting a bit confused. And so was I.

He kept this up for three minutes and then asked Peter to show one hand. Which was the right hand. But Peter called it the left hand. Well, enough for this time. Next time more about what happens in a classroom.

YOGI BEAR "BEAR FACTS"

WHY PICK ON US POOR BEARS?
WHY NOT THE SKUNKS?



HOW ABOUT A SIGN "DO NOT
FEED THE SNAKES, OR THE
EAGLES, OR THE ANTS, OR THE...!"

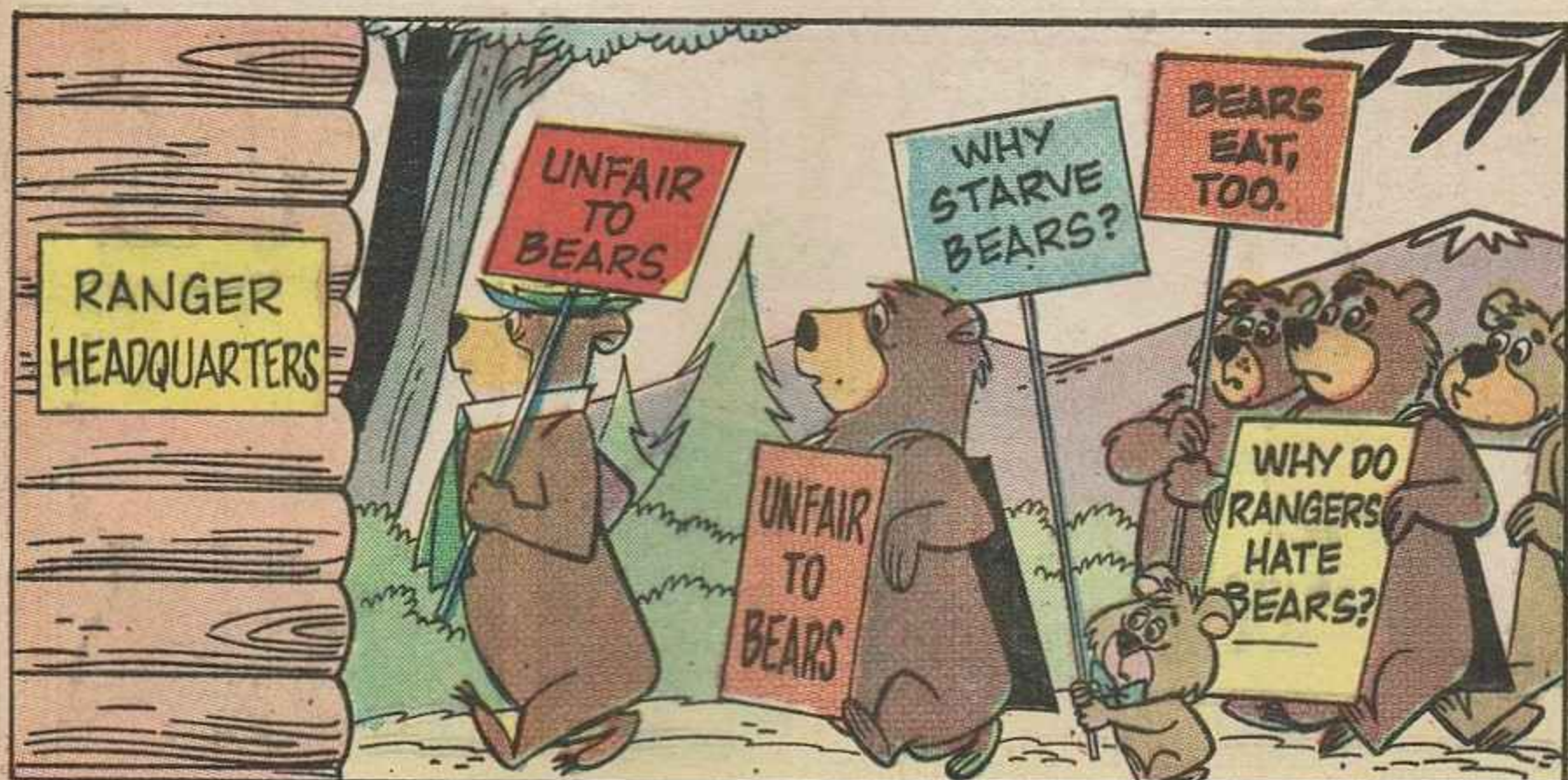


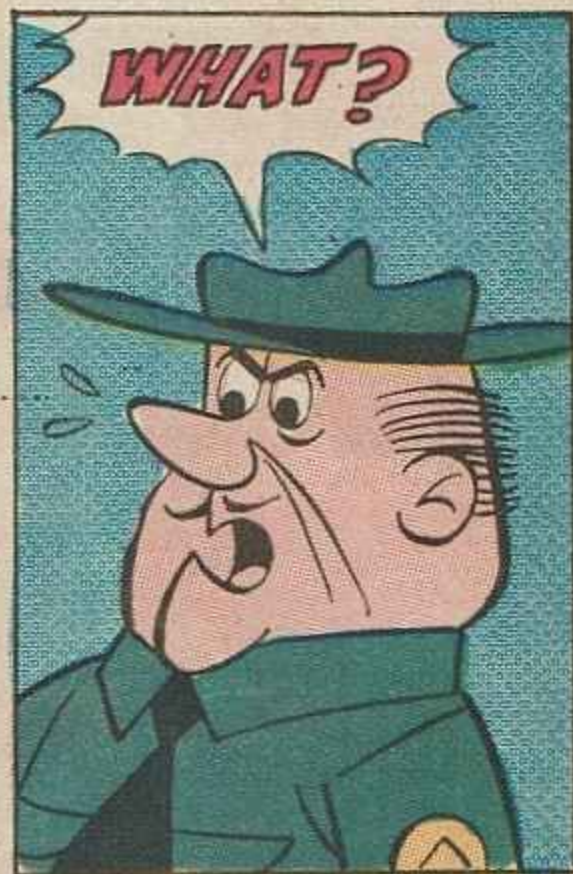
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IT'S NOT MY IDEA. IT'S RIGHT
FROM RANGER HEADQUARTERS.
HERE'S THE LETTER.



THEY CAN'T
GET AWAY WITH
THIS!

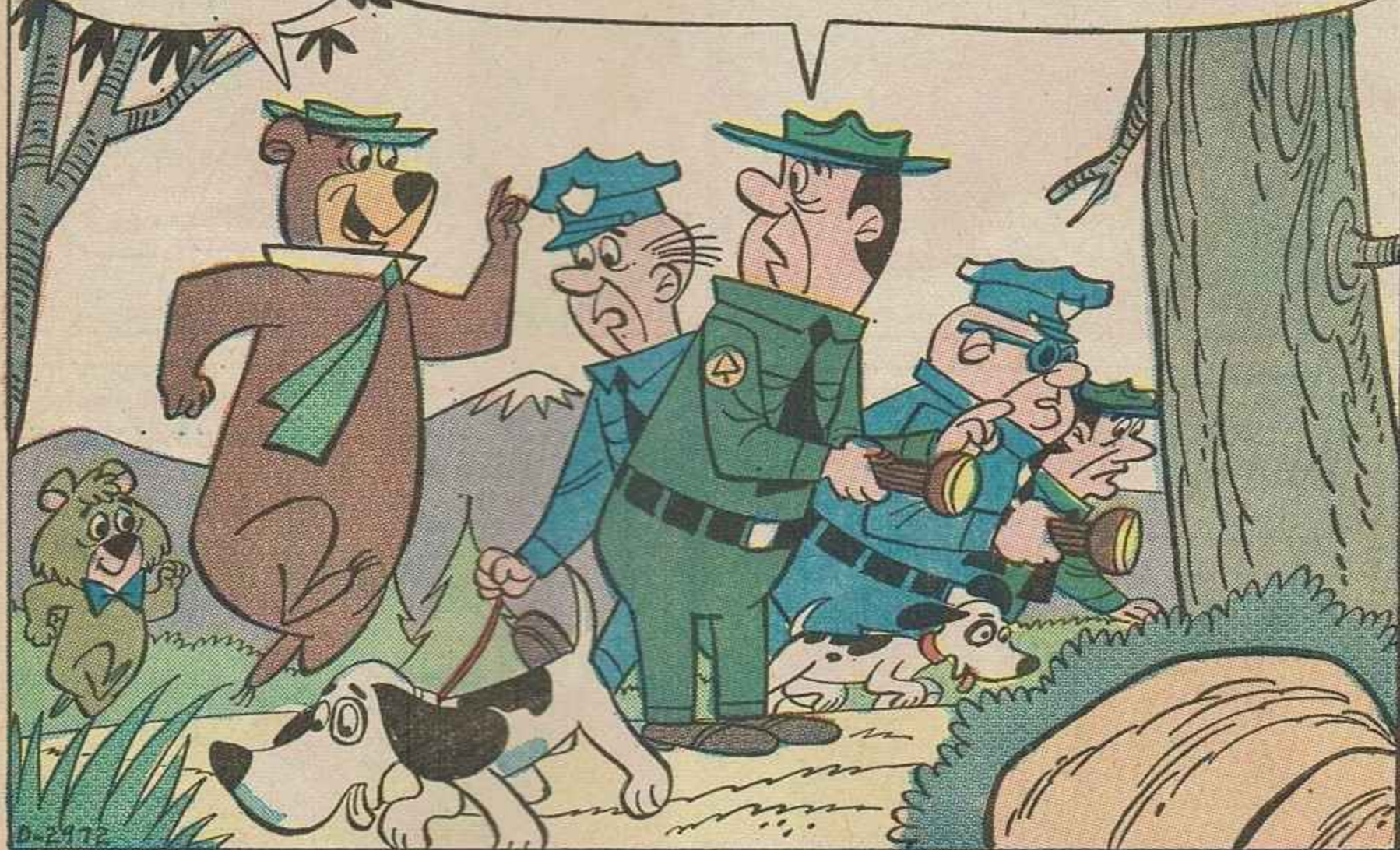




Yogi Bear "HIDE AND SNEAK"

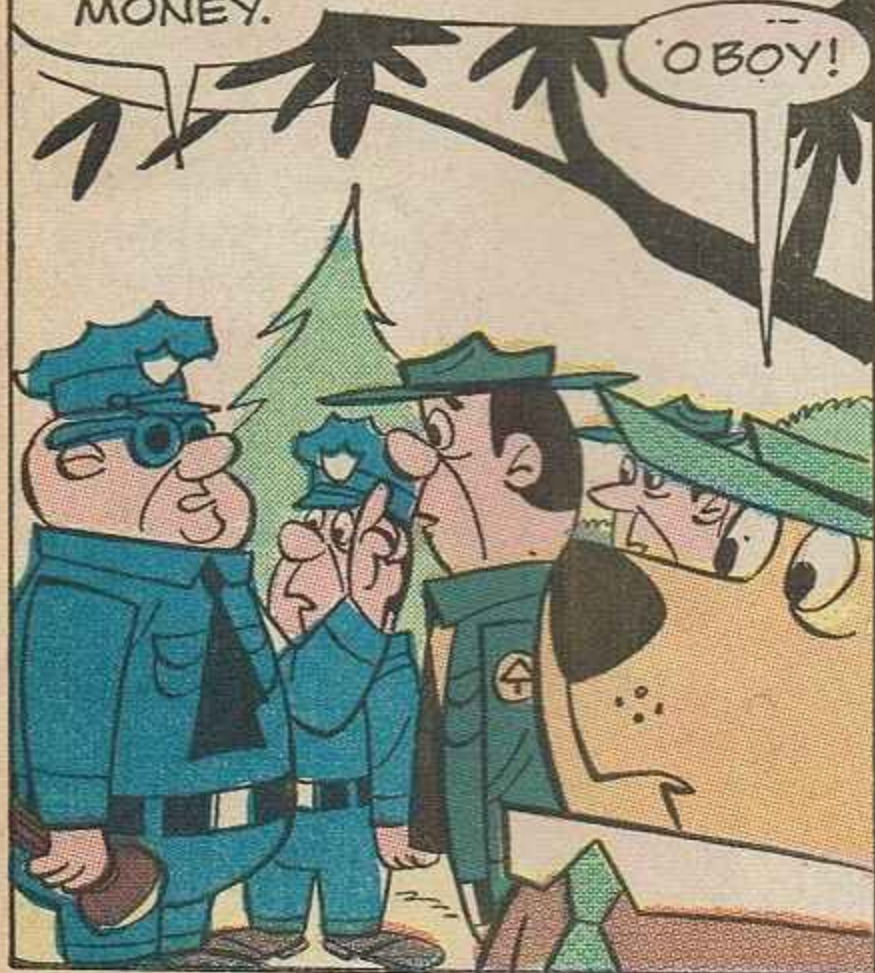
WHAT'S UP,
FELLAS?

TWO THIEVES ROBBED A BANK OF \$100,000
AND ARE HIDING OUT IN JELLYSTONE PARK.



REMEMBER, THERE'S A BIG
REWARD IF YOU RETURN THE
MONEY.

O BOY!



BUT BE VERY
CAREFUL-THEY'RE
ARMED.

THAT BRINGS
OUT THE COWARD
IN ME.







CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

